

**"DON QUIXOTE" BY STRAUSS.****A REMARKABLE SET OF ORCHESTRAL VARIATIONS.**

The Knight of La Mancha's Adventures Told in Weir Instrumental Pictures—Boston Symphony Orchestra Confuses an Attentive Carnegie Hall Audience.

In the spring of 1904 the musician's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Strauss. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, having tried an unfamiliar work of that extraordinary composer on Philadelphia, brought it to New York, and last night at its fourth concert unmasked the thing before a meditative audience amid the cooling breezes of Carnegie Hall. The name of this work, heard for the first time in Gotham, is "Don Quixote." There was no other name for it, for the name, some sceptic would claim, is "The Concerto for Smetana's 'Bartered Bride' overture, and after the Strauss upheaval the orchestra played (as Frank's symphonic poem, "The Wild Huntman," and Beethoven's seventh symphony).

None of these works need detain us now. The caracoling of the total Pegasus of Mr. Strauss might fly furnish several columns with food for type. But a "marciful man is merciful to his beast." Let us not ride the critical Pegasus to the death. Mr. Strauss calls his "Don Quixote" an introduction, theme with variations and finale: fantastic variations on a theme of knightly character. That is a good deal of title, but it does explain the half of this strange musical dream.

The general plan of the work is this: The introduction sets before us two leading themes, the one representative of Don Quixote and the other of Sancho Panza. The former embodies the knightly aspirations and wildly romantic illusions of Quixote, and the latter the rude common sense of Sancho. The introduction, as a whole, depicts the plunge of Don Quixote into the study of the literature of chivalry and his increasing hallucinations. At the close of this introduction the two themes are set forth in clear opposition to one another.

Then follow the ten variations. The first deals with the fight with windmills. The second treats with the battle with the wind. The third sets forth the dispute between the Knight and Sancho about honor and the plain comforts of life. The fourth variation represents the combat between Don Quixote and the band of pilgrims. The fifth is "The Knight's Vigil." Don Quixote sits up all night because he ought to, and is rewarded by a vision of his Dulcinea. Variation VI. recounts the meeting with the false Dulcinea and the Knight's amazement at the actual appearance of his vision.

The seventh variation depicts the ride through the air. The themes mount upward and the wind whistles (flutes in swirling chromatic scale, drum, trumpet and wind machine behind the Wagner turns over in his grave and murmurs, "What a Valkyrie Don Quixote would have made!" Variation VIII.—Don Quixote disarms an enemy boat and takes the "Lobengrin." That work not having been written, the boat upsides, but the two are saved and give thanks with wind instruments.

Variation IX. tells of Don Quixote's meeting with the two monks, whom he believes to be magicians. He puts them to flight. The monks, being ridiculous, are represented by bassoon. Now comes the final variation, which paints the overthrow of Don Quixote by the Knight of the White Moon. The finale shows the Knight, after the manner of his time, and he proclaims in no uncertain terms his faith that he can say whatever he pleases to say in musical phraseology.

It is not strange, then, to find one program annotator declaring that certain curious harmonies in the introduction "characterize admirably the well known tendency of Don Quixote toward false conclusions." This is humorous, or, at least, it is unintentionally so. Again, we are told that the work was written at a time when Strauss was inclined to poke fun at his own hyper-idealism.

Oh, when was that time? When did this huge combination of egotism and humor see the ludicrous side of his own nature? "Don Quixote" was composed in 1870, and the following year Strauss wrote "Ein Heldenleben," in which he bodied forth in a magnificent proclamation his opinion of his own glory. Did not this gargantuan funmaker mean in this composition to mock his mind about the pure romanticists who could not write as the author of "A Hero's Life"? Is not this Strauss's criticism of his contemporaries?

No matter. "Don Quixote" is a masterpiece of humorous composition. It is worthy of the writer of "Til Eulenspiegel." It is saved from much censorious comment by its epithet of "fantastic." That word covers a multitude of sins.

The composition has all the familiar earmarks of its writer's style. The harmonies of it are at times outrageous, wicked, obscene. It is not a work of technical perfection and squeals. It writhes in a wild confusion of dissonance and screaming instrumentation, a clear and tangible musical design is manifest. The themes are always in evidence; their contours form the framework of every development. These are Rabelaisian variations, indeed, but they are not over-the-top, and not mere formal hapsody.

The instrumentation is magnificent in its daring, in its picturesqueness and its wonderful ingenuity. Take the single episode of the fight with the windmills. What an amazing piece of instrumental imitation it is, to be sure! Possibly it is not a lofty musical achievement to make an orchestra imitate the blowing of a flower, but done as Strauss does it, it cannot fail to fill the mind with speculation as to the resources of music in general.

Here is not a single sheep, but a whole flock of old ewes and hoary rams, fresh mutts and shambling lambskins. You can hear every one of them—always providing, of course, that you know the composer is writing about sheep. Otherwise you might fancy that this was a description of a one-eyed Cyclops with a bad cold in his head. In the theme of the pilgrims, solemn as it is, there is a rich vein of humor. The ride through the air is not much more than a rich vein of humor.

But enough. Strauss has once more shown us that he has a huge fund of Gulliverian humor. He has again shown us that a composition of which the technique is simply stupendous. There is no other man living who can write with such complexity, yet with such absolute mastery of form.

There is not now, and there never was, another master who dared to outrage the nature of instruments as he does, yet he almost justifies his tortures by the results he obtains.

Whether all this detailed tone-painting is true musical art is a question which is bound to trouble the sincere mind. Certain it is that such music would not be incomprehensible. Equally certain it is that there is in it a vast amount of crass ugliness. But let it be said that there is much that is beautiful, and that the considered invention there is not a great deal, yet the motives are thoroughly characteristic and perfectly adapted to the composer's purpose. We have a right to ask for more than that?

The work was beautifully played, too, by the orchestra. Mr. Gerike was

**DOINGS AT THE THEATRES.****ELIZABETHAN "TWELFTH NIGHT" WITH SCENERY.**

A Conversation Which Seems Like a Joke on Ben Greet—"La Revolt" Produced at the Empire—An Anti-Idiot's "Doll's House" With a Nora Who Comes Back.

A month ago, when Viola Allen and her company were playing "Twelfth Night" in Boston at the same time that Ben Greet was presenting his version of a senseless Shakespeare in this comedy, a controversy raged in one of the local newspapers, the *Evening Transcript*, about that very important question: Did Shakespeare use scenery? Several stage "sharps" and doctors of the drama pitched headlong into the boiling fray, the postum and mangled history, truth, probability and possibility in their endeavor to prove that the Elizabethan stage was as good as dead.

Ben Greet's contribution was very much to the point. He said in relation to the work of the Elizabethan Society: "At first we gave many of the plays of Shakespeare, as nearly as we could, after the manner of the poet's own time. I may mention as an instance that we acted 'Henry V.' in the duration of time that Shakespeare evidently designed viz. 'two hours traffic on the stage.' There are many opinions as to the way Shakespeare was to be living, would like to have his plays acted, and around this one phase of the question we have our stage—has raged all the war of criticism. Shakespeare must have meant that if his plays were acted as he wrote them, there should have been 'two hours traffic on the stage.' A little of the question of the two hours of scene shifting, or two hours of talking? The modern stage manager seems to have decided that there should be two good hours of scene shifting as against the four of Shakespeare. The Elizabethan Stage Society will have taught to do with set scenery; we give these plays on a stage constructed as nearly as possible on the lines of the Elizabethan playhouses—the Globe, for choice."

**VERONICA LEAGUE CELEBRATES.****A Thousand Women in Paulist's Church to Keep Its Anniversary.**

The tenth anniversary of the founding of the Veronica League was celebrated last night at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue. The league is a temperance organization of Catholic women. Working women comprise the membership and more than a thousand were present. Only two men were allowed in the church. They were Father Doyle, who presided, and the Rev. W. J. Shanley, pastor of the cathedral at Hartford, head of the Catholic Temperance Union of America, who delivered an address. Father Shanley said:

"The future of the nation rests on the women of the middle classes. It is incumbent on these women to restrict the evils of drinking and gambling among the women in a higher sphere. Drinking in high society has become a social evil. It has the stamp of fashion on it, goes. To prevent the adoption of drinking customs among the working women the Veronica League and such organizations are organized. It is to be given 'with the original text'—whatever that phrase means and after the fashion of the quaint Elizabethan society."

**SKINNED BY "WIRE TAPPERS."****Schenectady Sports Caught by a Scheme to Beat the Poolrooms.**

SCHENECTADY, Feb. 18.—A gang of swindlers have been successfully working a scheme in this city for several days past, and have just been driven out of town by the exposure of their methods in a local newspaper. The men pretended to be expert telegraphers, and they caught several men with money and sporting propensities by a scheme in which they were to tap wires and get first news of the results of races, and thus beat the local poolrooms.

One of the men said that they had telegraph instruments in a pawnshop, and needed only money enough to get them out of pawn and hire a building in a nearby place, where the racketeers would be tapped and the scheme put in working order.

From one man they got \$125, and when they demanded another \$75 for some additional paraphernalia they pretended to be nervous, the man quit, refusing to be bled further.

**NEW HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.****To Be Maintained at the Seaside for Non-Pulmonary Tuberculosis Cases.**

The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor has appropriated \$15,000 to be used for the maintenance at the seaside of children under 15 suffering from non-pulmonary forms of tuberculosis. This will be the first seaside hospital solely for tubercular children to be maintained in America.

The association was led to make this expenditure by reports made to its board of managers by John Seely Ward, Jr., who last summer visited various inland and seaside hospitals for consumptives in England and France. The plan was not taken from the general relief work of the association, but from funds given for its fresh air work.

**TO HELP A HOME FOR CHILDREN.****A St. Valentine's Bazaar at Mrs. H. H. Rogers's House.**

A St. Valentine's bazaar was held yesterday afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. Henry H. Rogers, 26 East Fifty-seventh street. There were many buyers, and the Messiah Home for Children will be materially benefited by the receipts. In charge of the bazaar were Mrs. J. J. Savage, Mrs. Milbert B. Cary, Mrs. August Zinner, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Henry Biehoff, Mrs. Charles S. Horner, Mrs. Samuel C. Tuckey, Mrs. William E. Tucker, Mrs. Eugene Conway, Mrs. William E. Benjamin, Mrs. John Ames Mitchell, Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Arthur H. Cilly.

**For the Crippled Children.**

An entertainment for the benefit of the classes for crippled children in the Avenue B and Phelps schools will be given at Sherry's on Friday afternoon, Feb. 22, under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. There will be monologues by Miss Beatrice Herford and songs by Mr. Francis Rogers. Tickets at \$3 each may be obtained of Miss Mabel Irving Jones, 734 Fifth avenue.

**Washington Society Notes.**

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18.—Miss Roosevelt has gone for a visit to her grandmother Mrs. George C. Lee, in Boston, where she will remain for some time.

Senator and Mrs. Dewey will entertain at dinner to-morrow night, and also on Feb. 24 and 27. Miss Anna Dewey Paulson will join them here in a few days.

Freiherr von Dem Busche and Freiherr von Dem Busche of the German Embassy will give a dinner to-night complimentary to Señor Meron, Minister from the Argentine Republic.

Representative James W. Wadsworth of Genesee will give a dinner to-night at the Alibi Club complimentary to Speaker Cannon. Sixteen prominent members of the House completed the party.

**Wilson-Bradbury.**

The wedding of Miss Louise Bradbury of Augusta, Me., and Daniel Wilson was celebrated yesterday in St. Thomas's Church, the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, the rector, officiating. The bride wore a white tulle gown with a long train and carried a bunch of white roses.

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Now, avoiding as being quite useless, all this extraordinary pother over reviving archaic conditions at which revivals the poet would shrug his sensible shoulders, all this talk about scenery, and the chief thing is whether the actors interpret the poet's lines beautifully setting aside all this empty discussion, with its cheap and specious scholarship, let us come to the joke of the situation.

Miss Allen, unluckily, is ill. Her scenery is a little less than the men, going into the back room, found the pet at play with the helmets of two of the men who were asleep upstairs. Before the helmets were removed, the scenery was about zero, the owners of the helmets had to go on duty at midnight, and it was too late for them to get new ones. They had to do with the old ones, and the scenery was, they could, but the S. P. C. A. was summoned to get the dog at once.

A young benedict dropped into a Brooklyn café the other night in spite of expostulations from friends who tried to coax him home by assuring him it was only necessary to assert himself to be morally strong, and forever afterward be the boss there. It was his first offence, and after repeated urging from the friends he declared himself "I'm not, fellows—I can't do it."

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And they only did get him out when the proprietor closed up.

The legion of East Side urchins, whose only play ground is the street, have made the most of the snow this winter. There are few hills steep enough for coasting in that part of the city, but that doesn't matter. The children improvise hills, as they make sleds out of nothing.

Scenes from the street were full of snowpiles, shovelled up by Commissioner Woodbury's men. Then the children slid down the heaps of snow, though the distance was not more than six feet. After the snow was carted away they were a slide on the asphalt pavement. As for sleds, those who had none used shovels, barrel staves, boards—anything in fact that would slide. A stranger made a sled of a little follows sliding down a slight incline on a milk can, both astride of it like a horse.

"That's pretty good," said the cop who was standing by, "I can tell you a better one. The other day I saw a boy sliding down there on four tomato cans. He had one in each hand and one on each foot, and he was sliding down the hill for four hours. He was the only one of the whole neighborhood and in half an hour a dozen boys were sliding down that hill on tomato cans. You can't beat the East Side boy."

It is a modest enough restaurant, with some of the refinements of more expensive places. In the appearance of two men who sat in it the other day there was nothing which particularly suggested the backwoods, though their tanned, healthy faces would have told an attentive observer that they were not town dwellers. At the small brass front bowls in use in the place and stepped back to prepare the check. The diners looked at each other, then at the finger bowls. The waiter, who was fishing out "dices" of lemon, squeezed it in the water, sprinkled in a little powdered sugar, and solemnly drank the mixture, perfectly unaware that they had not done so.

"They're not the only ones," said the waiter. "When you read about such things in the comic papers, you think nobody does it but the rich. But you think the body really buys gold bricks or packages of green goods. But I guess they do, just as much as they ever did."

The spirit of the nation which invented the sled and has beaten all comers in the art of selling things to the rest of the world, cropped out in a little incident near the Cortlandt street ferry yesterday, though puny and slight were the bodies that held it.

They were four little boys keenly competing at the ferry gate for chances to earn a few cents by carrying packages. When the ferryboat came in it brought one opportunity, but only one. She who could make it remunerative was a colored woman, gorgeously arrayed in her hand she held a suit case and in the other a bundle, and at the same time, with great difficulty, she held in both hands her trailing skirt to hold it out of the mud. But to all cries "Carry your packages!" she said to the elevated ferry, "Take it to the elevated for a nickel," she turned a deaf ear and trudged up the street.

There was a consultation among the rivals. Then one boy crossed the street and sped swiftly ahead. The other three followed the woman with derisive cries: "Look at them feet! Did you ever see 'em feet?" "If she won't mean, she'll hold up her skirts without showing 'em." "Maybe she ain't got a nickel."

And then, when the woman, goaded to desperation, was about to turn on her heels and strike the first of the boys, the front of the ferryboat came in. The boy, the front of the ferryboat came in. The boy, the front of the ferryboat came in. The boy, the front of the ferryboat came in.

**LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.**

New York's social season ended on Wednesday, for it is improbable that post- Lenten weeks will bring forth any elaborate entertainments. Dinners and musicales will be the most that the penitential season will enjoy. Other years have been much more brilliant socially than the season just ended, and it is probable that the arrival of Ash Wednesday was welcomed with more warmth in some quarters than it had ever been before. Persons who for reasons of their own did not care to entertain this year, and who in the ordinary course of affairs they might have been expected to, are now relieved from any obligation in that respect by the excuse that it would be bad form to do so at this period of the year.

On the iron fire escape of a business building there has stood for more than a year a figure resembling a woman. Passengers on the elevated trains who are carried by the house always wonder how it happens that the figure standing there with arms outstretched is to be seen at all hours of the day. The figure is the night tell of their surprise at seeing this apparition dimly in the darkness as the lights from the swiftly moving train fall for a second on the red brick building. The crowd carried away every morning to business are as mystified as the others as to the meaning of the sight; but all surmise that the wooden dummy, having served its usefulness as a model in a dress factory, has been put on the fire escape to get it out of the way.

"There may be an oversupply in the apartment hotels," said an agent yesterday, "but it is undoubtedly true that the present winter has made the demand so great that there will probably be few vacant rooms in these places next winter. The advantage of steam heat, electric light and hot water at all times, whatever the weather may be, has impressed a great many persons with the superior advantages of these hotels as places of residence. So we expect that next year the desire to get into these houses will fill them all up."

The Old Slip police want no more maecosts. Last week a dog wandered into the station and they adopted him at once. They made him a collar ornamented with police buttons, named him and fed and petted him. The dog remained in favor of the station, and the police, who took the dog into the back room, found the pet at play with the helmets of two of the men who were asleep upstairs. Before the helmets were removed, the scenery was about zero, the owners of the helmets had to go on duty at midnight, and it was too late for them to get new ones. They had to do with the old ones, and the scenery was, they could, but the S. P. C. A. was summoned to get the dog at once.

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**PUBLICATIONS.****Jewel of Seven Stars**

By BRAM STOKER, author of "Dracula"

An absorbing story of Egyptian mystery that hangs over the tomb of a queen of ancient Egypt, where strange preparations for her resurrection are discovered by an English scholar. He undertakes to carry out plans of the dead queen, a mystery that develops. The Egyptologist's daughter seems possessed at times by the dead queen's soul—her personality changing under the very eyes of her dismayed lover. The climax is most astonishing.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

street, and you are only five blocks from there now. Why don't you go home for a loan?

"Can't. I'm not supposed to be down here. That's why. Besides, there are two other fellows with me, and we haven't a cent to buy our tickets back to college. You'll have to send it by messenger, because we haven't paid for that breakfast yet."

And the alumnus sighed, but paid.

**MUST NOTARIES SOLEMNIFY?**

Recorder Doubts the Validity of the Gable Oath of Commerce.

Recorder Goff is in doubt whether a man is properly sworn unless he has been put into a solemn state of mind before an oath is administered to him. To determine this delicate question he is having the District Attorney and counsel for Lawyer William Nichols, who is being tried for subornation of perjury, prepare briefs that are to be submitted this morning.

It was on the examination of Samuel R. Frederick, a commissioner of deeds, who took the acknowledgment of Charles Sterkes in regard to his ownership of property described in bail papers, that the Recorder raised the question.

"Did you get him into a solemn state of mind?" asked the Recorder.

"I don't know that I did," replied the witness.

"Did you impress upon him the importance of the occasion?"

"Not particularly, so far as I remember," said Frederick. "I just took his acknowledgment."

"Then I am in doubt whether perjury was committed," said the Recorder.

"Couldn't the case be submitted for attempted subornation of perjury?" asked District Attorney Jerome.

The Recorder said he was in doubt, and he adjourned court while the lawyers are looking up the laws to see if there is anything in the statute that would make it a crime to take an oath in an offhand manner. Sterkes, whom, it is charged, Nichols suborned, pleaded guilty to perjury and is doing time in the House of Correction.

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Chauncey OLCOTT. TERNER.

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RAYMOND HITCHCOCK.

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